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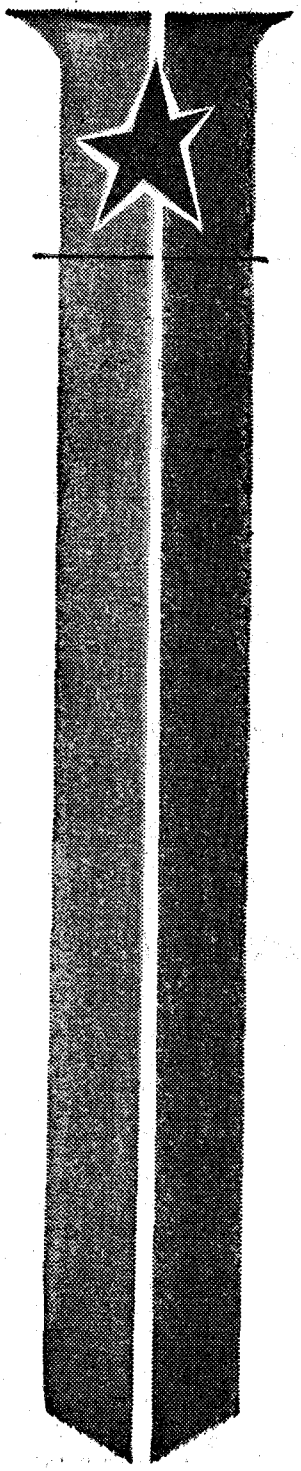

POLITICS OF THE POSSIBLE

The American Scene

Retreat of the Idealists

Stephen Rousseas and James Farganis

The British Scene

Socialists Without Socialism

Norman Birnbaum

De Gaulle and the French Strikes

Alexander Werth

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LETTERS

A vet's plea

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: I am one of the many high school drop-outs whom Nora Levin discussed in her article "The Neglected Vets" [*The Nation*, March 2]. I have been attending high school on a part-time basis, at my own expense, for the past three years. When I started, I needed to complete three and a half years of school work. Now I need a little over a year's work.

When I was discharged in June, 1959, I wanted to finish high school. But how? I was not eligible for the GI Bill. If I attended school at night, it would take about six years before I could receive a diploma. Without the aid of the GI Bill, I was stuck.

This left me three choices: collect unemployment compensation, work full-time, at a low wage, or re-enlist. Being one of the military misfits (as almost everyone is) I first ruled out re-enlistment. The unemployment compensation was very tempting. But this, I felt, only delayed any possible advancement that I could gain while working. So, I started to work.

Instead of advancing in my job, I have been standing still. But while standing still, I felt I was quickly slipping backwards, into one of the many corners of the "twilight gray."

I decided that I had to have more schooling and began the long, uphill struggle, shifting from evening school to day school, and going from part-time to full-time in a zigzag fashion. In the end, I will have waited five years for my diploma. Had I been eligible for the G.I. Bill, I could have gotten it in two years.

Since my discharge date, I have been waiting for the GI Bill to be passed. Even though I cannot regain the valuable time I have already lost, there is still the future. Also, there are many other veterans in the same situation as I am. The passing of the GI Bill would greatly help the veterans now struggling through school and also the ones who cannot continue on their own.

Joseph A. Drayton

Bargains in cars

New York City

Dear Sirs: In "Your Right to a Car Bargain," [March 9], Wesley Marx attacks the morality of the Los Angeles retail "auto row" and strongly defends the discounters who operate generally from "a wooden counter in the [discount] shop labeled 'New Cars.'" If Mr. Marx thought through what he himself has described, he might realize that the discounters may be even more immoral than the regular retailers. They are parasites who can give bargain prices only because the other dealers pay for stock on hand, display, salesmen, service facilities and promotion. . . . There are undoubtedly faults in the present system and Genral Motors and the other car manufacturers should be blamed for them. They should not be condemned, however, for trying to prevent the discounters from preying on dealers who spend money to demonstrate and "sell" a car only to find that the customer then goes over to "a wooden counter."

Theodore Wilentz

'Cash flow'

Cleveland, O.

Dear Sirs: Peter L. Bernstein, in the issue of February 2, 1963, says: "and the larger the cash flow, the greater the amount available for dividends and corporate expansion." This is an astonishing error. Dividends cannot be paid from depreciation reserve (a part, if not in some cases all, of "cash flow"), but can be paid only from earned surplus, which is derived from profits. Certainly this should be known by a man who is supposed to be an investment counselor and a lecturer on economics.

Eugene H. Freedheim

New York City

Dear Sirs: Dividends cannot be paid from earned surplus, which is a liability item. Dividends are paid from cash. . . .

I think I can clear up Mr. Freedheim's confusion. A company takes in a certain amount of money from the sales of the products it produces. In order to cover the costs of that period's production, it must meet certain out-of-pocket expenses, primarily for wages, purchases from other companies and for taxes. The sum left over is what we call cash flow. It may be greater or smaller than the depreciation charge. If it is greater, then it includes some retained profits. If it is smaller, then it is clear that the company failed to take in enough from its sales to cover the wearing out and obsolescence of its existing equipment. The important point, however, is that corporations do not have to pay out-of-pocket all of the costs of running a business. The balance is available for any other type of outlay that the corporation considers important — expenditures on capital goods, reduction of debt, increase of working capital and payment of dividends.

I stand without qualification on the statement in my article. The more money a corporation has left over after meeting its out-of-pocket expenses, the more money it will have to cover these other payments, such as capital expenditures, debt repayment and dividends. Moreover, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. As my article indicates, profits have certainly failed to show any rising trend in recent years, but cash flow has risen and dividends have risen. Can this be just a coincidence?

Peter L. Bernstein

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The Two Americas

There is the affluent America (although a part of that, even, finds difficulty in paying its bills) and the poverty-stricken America. Until recently, the poor American was never seen, as if he were wearing the mythological ring which made its wearer invisible. Now, however—and this is one of the virtues of a free press—the poor American is being rescued from his obscurity: his may soon be a *cause célèbre*. In a brilliant *New Yorker* article, Dwight Macdonald harped on the theme of destitution in the midst of plenty. On ABC television, Howard K. Smith and Senator Jennings Randolph gave a larger audience an eyeful which they will not soon forget. Senators Proxmire and McNamara have also been busy in the same area.

Among the facts adduced are the following. The first is general: Between a fourth and a third of the entire American population is either in dire need or only marginally housed, fed and clothed. To them that had, in President Roosevelt's day, has been given; and if from those that had not, the little they had has not been taken away, neither has much been added. And while everyone deplores this, so far no one has tried very hard to find a remedy, and until the last few months prosperous America has not even recognized the fact that a remedy is desperately needed.

Specific data are furnished by Senator Randolph. Eight hundred thousand teen-agers are unemployed; soon there will be a million. Though unemployed, some of them are busy: they are swelling the nation's crime rate, which is rising five times faster than its population. Teen-age unemployment is running at 15 per cent. Two million migrant farm workers lack decent housing, their children lack decent schooling, and their employment is intermittent. Racial minority groups—Negroes, Puerto Ricans and Mexicans—are being put through the wringer; their unemployment rate is 13 per cent, over twice the national average. Then there are those displaced by automation, which draws no color line.

An especially pathetic group are the old, respectfully referred to as "senior citizens." A young man, however underprivileged, may find a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow (although he had better not count on it), but for the old there are no jobs, no prospects and no hope except through federal action. According to Senator Proxmire, out of 18 million Americans sixty-five years old or over, 14.5 million, or 80 per cent, have incomes so low that they pay no income tax. Senator McNamara's committee reports that hundreds of thousands—even millions—do not have enough to eat. "We learned at our hearings," the report reads, "of the way in which the cakes and cookies served at Golden Age clubs and activity centers are pounced upon, ravenously eaten on the spot or hoarded for a future meal." Golden age, indeed!

All these victims point up the inadequacy of such measures as President Kennedy's tax cut. How can a tax cut help them? They pay no federal taxes; they are in effect outside the nation's economic system. At the same time they starve the economy, since they cannot consume the products poured out by the automated machines. Yet they offer a great opportunity. There is no profit gap, no missile gap; all the much touted gaps are phony except the poverty gap, which is the clear threat to the American dream of leadership.

The Two Economies

As there are two Americas, there are two economies—the military and the civilian. They interact, of course, but now a peculiar phenomenon is beginning to emerge. We are prone to think that the military economy supports the civilian economy; and so it does, providing jobs and contracts, though often on a spotty and precarious basis. But the warfare economy also robs the civilian economy, robs it of money, manpower and the ideas which, through research and development, are the lifeblood of progress.

There are at least two reasons for this state of affairs. First, the federal government pours research-and-development funds lavishly into the warfare economy, while the civilian economy is largely left to shift for itself. It doesn't shift very well. In *The Wall Street Journal* (March 13), Jonathan Spivak reports that the Kennedy Administration is becoming "increasingly fearful that the lavish tide of federal spending for space and military research is leaving less glamorous portions of the economy in a technological backwater." Of $16 billion spent annually for research and development (known generally as R & D) only $4 billion goes for civilian purposes and of this amount, according to some estimates, only $1.5 billion finances projects designed to increase productivity.

The estimate is probably accurate—a great deal of what masquerades as R & D is simply research in packaging, advertising, synthetic glamour and salesmanship generally. Moreover, civilian R & D is spottily distributed, both geographically and according to corporation size. Sixty per cent of it is carried on in three states: New York, California and Massachusetts; and 80 per cent among 300 major companies, with the remaining 20 per cent divided among 300,000 smaller firms. Even if we assume that the whole $4 billion is usefully employed, that figures out to $2,700 per company.

The second way in which the warfare economy robs the civilian economy is in brain power. For seminal minds the government pays well, the military think

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factories pay better and the big corporations probably pay best of all. The late Louis Ridenour, one of the foremost engineering educators in the country, took a job with an aerospace firm and was paying an income tax as large as his entire salary at the University of Illinois. Then we howl because the Russians are producing more engineers. The same thing goes on elsewhere. The British are aroused because British scientists are emigrating to the United States. We're not importing them, Jerome Wiesner cracks; they are exporting them. As far as the British economy is concerned, the result is the same. And we rob not only our dearest ally, but engage in internal brain robbery as well.

We are going backwards fast. In 1938, we were spending 7.5 per cent of our Gross National Product on non-defense programs; in 1961, the percentage was 3.2. Yet right-wingers talk of "big government" and "creeping socialism." These bogeys exist, sure enough, but the place to look for them is in the military economy.

The Kennedy Administration is playing with the idea of a "Civilian Industry Technology Program," with an initial appropriation of $8.7 million. Where billions are involved, a few millions won't change anything. What is needed are cuts in the hypertrophied military economy, which for a decade and longer has been out of hand.

The War Whoopers

"Hold me back!" shouted an embattled imbiber in a midtown bar, "I'm going to hit him!" No one was hit. This seems to be the stance of what Walter Lippmann terms the war-whoop party, which calls for war on Cuba but hopes the nuclear missiles will not fly.

Among the war whoopers, no one excels Senator Goldwater of Arizona and Senator Scott of Pennsylvania. Trained to a knife edge, they are ready to take on Castro any time. They whoop for a new blockade against Cuba. Deprive him of his oil, and Castro will soon be deprived of his office also, and Cuba will once more enjoy the blessings of free enterprise. They seem to forget that Castro's oil comes from the Soviet Union, in Soviet tankers, and that the least Khrushchev could do would be to torpedo any American naval vessel which, without a shadow of legality, interfered with this traffic. President Kennedy has noted, "At this time we do not believe that war in the Caribbean is to the national advantage." He could have left out the qualifying clause.

Senator Dirksen is less bellicose. In the *Congressional Record* (March 8), he intones: "I have an interest only in the truth. It was written on the ancient parchment, long ago: 'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.'" No one will crucify him for the quotation, which was in reference to the four American flyers who were killed in the Bay of Pigs invasion. Asked whether he favored a blockade, Dirksen answered coyly that there "could be a selective blockade or quarantine" to cut off oil from Cuba but, he added, "nobody wants to take the chance of plunging this country into war if he can help it." The war whoopers will be happy with the first suggestion and the peacemongers, who comprise the vast majority of the American people, will approve the second, even with that "if he can help it" tacked on for extra safety by the intrepid statesman.

Still another convolution is put forward by Senator Keating, the foremost authority on Cuba since he detected the presence of medium-range ballistic missiles ahead of President Kennedy. Mr. Keating was first among his peers in the "do-something" camp, until, for reasons unknown, he switched to the "on-the-other-hand" position. He declared suddenly that when the President took a strong stand against Castro, he should be supported. The only trouble with this attempt to reconstitute the bipartisan alliance (or perhaps it was only that a few of Mr. Keating's constituents had written him nasty letters) was that the President had in no wise changed his position. Nor had anything else changed. Khrushchev was withdrawing some of his minions, taking his time about it, and the President said he would like them to be withdrawn faster, but was doing nothing about it. The logic of Mr. Keating's change of heart remains obscure.

A little more responsibility, and a little less political whooping, is what the country needs, even more than a good cigar which, at five cents or more, we are not likely to get until trade is resumed with Cuba.

Up to the Senate

The House of Representatives is supposed to be a deliberative body. Observing the proceedings on the bill renewing the Selective Service Act, one would never have known it. The House might almost have been the Soviet parliament, which knows what it is expected to do and does it promptly and without unnecessary palaver.

The crucial phase of the action, naturally, was before the House Armed Services Committee. Representative Thomas Curtis (R., Mo.) told the committee that "no one piece of legislation has greater impact upon manpower utilization than the draft act," and ". . . no single force . . . causes more disruption in the education, training, employment and personal lives of our youth. . . ." Chairman Carl Vinson was unimpressed. Where military matters are concerned, Mr. Vinson comes close to being an absolute monarch. He gave little opportunity for the members to question the two government witnesses, Assistant Secretary of Defense (Manpower) Norman S. Paul and Lt. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, Director of Selective Service, who testified, as from a phonograph record, that the survival of our nation depends on the draft. Although, if war came, not a single draftee would fire a shot in anger or have anything more to do with combat than the civilians in the subway, the committee swallowed this dictum without resorting to the water pitchers.

In the afternoon, eleven witnesses were permitted to testify against draft extension or some aspect of

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the law, proving that the United States is a perfect democracy. The names of the bodies they represented were not calculated to put the fear of God into the legislators, although the organizations themselves were godly enough. Among them were the Friends Committee on National Legislation, the Division of Peace and World Order of the Methodist Church (what are those fellows talking about, anyway?), the Mennonite Central Committee, the Student Peace Union, etc. Women Strike for Peace filed a statement opposing the draft. Chairman Vinson gave short shrift to these visionaries. He permitted no questions, so for two and a half hours the members, varying from twelve to twenty, sat in silence, probably doodling. They then voted unanimously to extend the draft, unchanged, for another four years.

On the floor of the House things were somewhat livelier. Quite a number of Representatives argued that the draft is inequitable—college students are almost automatically exempted while high school dropouts remain unemployed partly because of the military service ahead of them—and there were other cogent objections (see "We Don't Need the Draft," by John C. Esty, Jr., *The Nation*, Feb. 23). Rep. Henry S. Reuss fought valiantly to limit the renewal to two years, Rep. Roman Pucinski (D., Ill.) tried to cut the age limit from twenty-six to twenty-two, Rep. George Brown (D., Calif.), elected last year on a peace platform, took a principled stand—and then the opposition melted away. The vote was 387 to 3.

Yet what Rep. Curtis said was incontrovertible. At least, as in England (where the draft has been abolished), the issue should be taken seriously. At a time when the Congress is under general attack as an antiquated and ineffectual body, the Senate will now have a chance to prove otherwise on an issue as vital as any that will come before it.

IN NEXT WEEK'S NATION

Next week the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., makes his third annual report to readers of The Nation *on the battle for civil rights. The report evaluates the success and failures of 1962 and the prospects for 1963.*

De Gaulle and the French Strikes .. Alexander Werth

Paris, March 15

For a fortnight now, 200,000 French miners have been striking. De Gaulle, perhaps remembering the unusually high "yes" vote he won in certain mining districts, notably Lorraine, in the last referendum, imagined that a hastily signed military-draft order would scare the miners into going back to work. Similar, though individual, draft orders issued to railway men by de Gaulle, and before him by the Fourth Republic, were obeyed.

But the end of the Algerian War has changed the workers' attitude towards government. When in 1959 the railway men obeyed de Gaulle, it was because the prospect of a peace settlement was good and there was no desire to complicate matters. Now the war has ended and the miners are faced with unfulfilled election promises.

Their defiance of de Gaulle's order marked the opening of the first great social conflict of the Fifth Republic. The strike is having a snowball effect. Workers in natural gas have joined and so have the eastern iron-ore miners. Moreover, solidarity with the miners has been shown by a large variety of token strike in other industries. (As this is written, railway workers have declared a nation-wide sympathy strike planned to last one day.) Although the *Force Ouvrière*, the Socialist labor union, is keeping aloof from a united front with the Communist C.G.T. and the Catholic C.F.T.C. unions, there is at present a *de facto* unanimity not only among all unions, but also unusual support for the miners from the mine engineering staffs.

The strike has simple, immediate reasons plus a complex background. The timing was remarkably well chosen. A month ago, at the height of winter, public opinion would have been incensed by any coal shortage, but now spring weather prevails and although coal stocks are low this does not directly affect the public. General sympathy for the miners is now assured and even certain representatives of the Gaullist party are describing the General's military-draft order as a grave error in judgment. On the other hand, certain of de Gaulle's ministers, notably Minister of Industry Bokanowski, received a miners' delegation and, according to the miners, "treated us like a lord talking to serfs."

Perhaps the most important cause of the strike is that prices are fast outstripping wage increases. According to official statistics, gross wages—apart from free housing and a coal allowance—are unquestionably low in coal mining, ranging from approximately $110 to $160 a month. Moreover, with the competition of oil and gas and eventually of atomic energy, the future of coal is considered highly precarious. Since the spring of 1960, there have been spells of overproduction in the industry and temporary firings. The miners are now demanding a 12 per cent increase in wages, whereas the government is offering 5.7 per cent, spread over a year, with further discussions to take place in September.

There are other grievances. Holland has taken important measures to retrain miners for other vocations, but nothing has been done in France. Most important, a report on the coal-oil-atomic power relationship for the next twenty years, drawn up by the European Coal and Steel Community in Luxembourg, has been virtually ignored by the relevant French ministry.

The sum total of immediate and long-term problems has created an anxiety complex throughout the entire mining community, but al-

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though numerous processions and demonstrations have taken place, unlike 1947 there has been no violence nor any goals expressed beyond the satisfaction of economic demands and a careful government study of the whole coal problem. Nevertheless, there is a feeling of strong political grievance against the government and repeated demands for parliamentary discussion of the issue at stake. Characteristic was a meeting held by Lorraine miners in Merlebach, who resolved that "all labor unions and engineer cadres unanimously support continuation of the strike, demand an immediate calling of Parliament so that the government may be questioned on its social attitude toward the miners" and went on to call for strike support from the officials of all mining municipalities.

The miners' unanimity in ignoring de Gaulle's military-draft order seems to have made an impression on the government. Minister of Labor Grandval has been muttering certain liberal intentions; de Gaulle himself has commented on the miners' "melancholy profession," and Premier Pompidou, speaking on television, has admitted that miners' wages are lagging behind the general level. The Premier appears to be getting around to the idea of a round-table conference, such as was suggested by the labor unions, and the appointment of a "conciliator." Under these circumstances, a settlement seems probable relatively soon.

The biggest lesson of the strike so far is that the de Gaulle regime is living largely in atomic clouds of its own making and its dreams of grandeur have been punctured by the everyday problems of running a country, including the fact that labor in France remains unsatisfied with the "semblance" of general affluence. Another important reminder to the de Gaulle regime has been the vigor of the reaction against any attempt to interfere with the right to strike, which miners above all consider sacrosanct. In any case, the government is still refraining from turning the collective draft order into individual orders involving sanctions—itself an indication that there is a desire in Paris, as well as by the unions, to settle the strike without an ultimate showdown.

POLITICS OF THE POSSIBLE

In the first part of the following two-part feature, Messrs. Rousseas and Farganis contribute to an ongoing discussion in these columns on the nature of American politics and the need for a fundamental change (see "Time for a New Politics," by Carey McWilliams, June 2, 1962, and "The Politics of Eulogy," by Harvey Wheeler, June 16, 1962). In the second part, Norman Birnbaum, an American writer in Britain, reveals how the broad theses developed by Messrs. Rousseas and Farganis are concretely applicable, coincidentally, to an important segment of the contemporary British political scene.

—EDITORS.

I. The American Scene

Retreat of the Idealists

Stephen Rousseas and James Farganis

American political thought in the postwar world has been leached of all its passion for meaningful social reform and has degenerated into the apotheosis of a non-committed scientism. This growing litany in the United States in praise of the *status quo* continues to remain, in its own image, inherently liberal. It is convinced that democracy today has solved all the major problems of industrial society, and that those which do remain are of a second-order magnitude involving merely technical adjustments within a now prevailing *consensus gentium*. If modern liberalism has thus been recast into a less critical mold, it is because of its conviction that modern democracy *is* the good society.

Generally, this end-of-ideology approach to politics is based on a misinterpretation of Max Weber. A distinction is made between the normative "ought" and the empirical "is" of politics and the "ineluctable tension" between the two. Ethics is concerned with justice, whereas concrete politics—according to Daniel Bell—involves "a power struggle between organized groups to determine the allocation of privilege." Concrete politics, in other words, is not concerned with the realization of an ideal, but, following Lord Acton, with the reaping of particular advantages within the limits of a given ethic—an ethic which sets out clearly the rules of the game governing the political jockeying for position. Thus modern, mature democracies representing the end of ideology have, in effect, separated ethics from politics; and ideology, insofar as it continues to exist as a force in modern society, is nothing more than a cynical propaganda cover for the specific self-interest of competing groups.

The basic distinction between the modern liberal and the ideologue revolves around the notion of commitment. If the ideologue is committed to the consequences of ideas and is governed by passion, then,

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in contradistinction, the non-ideological liberal is uncommitted and free of any chiliastic vision of the transforming moment. And it is the non-ideological liberals who explain the *end* of ideology in American politics as the direct consequence of modern society's having solved the basic problems of industrial society. Indeed, according to Seymour Martin Lipset, "Democracy is not only or even primarily a means through which different groups can attain their ends or seek the good society; *it is the good society itself in operation.*"

In this kind of Panglossian society, there is no room for ideologues who, standing on the upper rungs of the faith ladder, are regarded as politically destabilizing factors. They are, if anything, a direct threat to the continuation of the good society. The modern politician *qua* politician, on the other hand, like a character out of an Allen Drury novel, is the man who understands how to manipulate and how to operate in a Machiavellian world which divorces ethics from politics as a vocation and a science. Modern democracy, therefore, becomes transformed into a system of technique without ultimate objective. And democratic politics is reduced to a constellation of self-seeking pressure groups peaceably engaged in a power struggle to determine the allocation of privilege and particular advantage. Compromise and evolution are to be the means for achieving, in the context of this struggle, the few second-order social goals which continue to remain in an otherwise near-perfect society. It is in this limited sense that the end of ideology clings desperately to its self-imposed label of enlightened, non-ideological, non-committed liberalism. And the *status quo* it defends in the name of democracy is a fundamental one — the already achieved good society.

All this is carefully nailed onto Max Weber's door. Had the door been opened instead, Weber's primary concern would have been seen as the *fusion* of the "ethic of responsibility" and "the ethic of absolute ends." Weber was in no sense advocating a politics without passion. Passion without responsibility and politics without commitment were equally unacceptable to Weber. "Passion," "a feeling of responsibility" and a "sense of proportion" were for Weber the three pre-eminent qualities which were decisive for the politician. For Weber, the problem was the forging of "a warm passion and a cool sense of proportion . . . in one and the same soul." Insofar as the politician plays the game of politics without any sense of purpose, his actions are without meaning. In Weber's words, "the mere 'power politician' may get strong effects, but actually his work leads nowhere and is senseless."

In Weber, the "ethic of responsibility" and the "ethic of ultimate ends" were not to be regarded as absolute contrasts. They were, instead, to be thought of as supplements reinforcing each other within the mind of the true politician who was to act as the agent of social progress. In failing to take into account the consequences of his actions, and in refusing to admit the condition of human frailty, the chiliast was irresponsible and ineffective. But equally vacuous, in Weber's opinion, was the politician who sought to enhance his own power without any vision in mind. "Certainly all historical experience," wrote Weber, "confirms the truth—that man would not have attained the possible unless time and again he had reached out for the impossible."

Despite the easy interpretation of Weber by some of the end-of-ideology advocates, there can be little doubt that most of their arguments on the decline, if not the end, of ideology as an operative force in the Western world are valid. But whether or not this represents a desirable state of affairs is quite another matter. The favorable interpretation has been generally accepted, if not applauded, by most observers of the political scene. Some, however, push the argument further when they declare, along with Lipset—and contrary to the judgment of some of the most profound minds in Western political thought from Plato to Leo Strauss —that democracy "is the good society itself in operation." The classical distinction between "nature" and "convention" is thus obliterated, and the traditional role of the intellectual as social critic is no longer logically possible. For if "what ought to be" already "is," then the intellectual has no other function than to describe and to celebrate the arrival of a Lipsetian Utopia. Yet much of the intellectual output of today in film, on the stage and in art reveals a bottomless discontent with things as they are. The political sociologists who have embraced and hailed the coming of the end of ideology recognize this intellectual alienation, but conclude that it is not political. But it is only by narrowly defining politics as concerned with "voting behavior" or "welfare measures" that they can come to such a conclusion. If, however, the traditional idea of political philosophy is maintained, there is yet some small contribution that intellectuals can make which will be something other than a justification, tacit or overt, for whatever is.

In effect, this politics of the *status quo* makes a fetish of empiricism and entails an ideology of its own—an ideology of political complacency for the justification of things as they are, and the celebration of modern society as a going concern. Ideological thought, on the other hand, should be concerned with a "structural criticism" of the institutions of society and with the formulation of programs for reform and fundamental change. It need not entail an apocalyptic or dogmatic vision. The choice is not between the wild-eyed fanatic and the cool, uncommitted pragmatist who is willing to take his progress piecemeal, if at all. Ideology, in other words, need not be equated with chiliastic fanaticism. Its major function is to apply intelligence—the fusion of passion and critical reason —to the problems of the modern world. And intelligence can never lie down with itself in a passionate embrace of self-love. It must be concerned with the human condition and its betterment in an always imperfect world. Its justification for being is, in a word, progress.

Whether or not it is true that progress in the past has been exclusively the result of ideological conflict, it is nevertheless true that progress, as distinct from mere change, can be defined meaningfully only in terms of some "vision." For progress, as Santayana has observed, "is relative to an ideal which reflection creates." And it is here that, perhaps, the most serious criticism of the end of ideology can be made.

To begin with, it is irrelevant whether one agrees with the vision of a particular ideology. The im-

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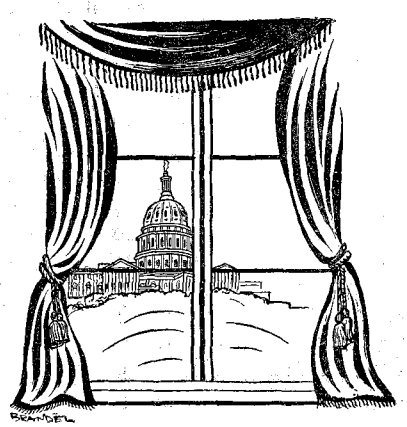
portant point is that freedom in the philosophical sense, and a social commitment which transcends the *status quo*, are interrelated and interdependent.

Rejecting the notion of man tied to a merciless fate which robs him of his future, we are left to regard him free and immersed in the process of *becoming*. Man is, in other words, a potential, and his willingness or ability to seize life by the throat, as it were, and force it to serve his needs, is a measure of his freedom. Freedom, in short, excludes a complacency which rests on past or present achievements, or which nurtures the illusion of having already achieved the best of all possible worlds. If man, living as he does in a grossly imperfect world, is not uniquely determined by his past and is nothing but a potential in terms of his impending future, then the act of commitment is a prior requirement for the realization of his freedom and thus his future. And if modern democracy is predicated on the end of ideology, that is, on the end of commitment, then it negates itself and becomes the very denial of freedom. If it has any commitment at all, it is the false commitment to itself—to the narcissistic approval of itself as it is in all its sparkling perfection—with the net result that it has retreated from the problems of the world about it, spending its time, as it does, idly admiring its reflection in the looking glass, and only now and then showing some concern over the occasional pimple which erupts to mar its beauty temporarily.

A possible explanation of the rise of political apathy in this country lies in the nature of the current crisis in all of its dimensions. It is a crisis which is not immediately understandable in direct, personal terms by the ubiquitous man-in-the-street. The threat of nuclear annihilation numbs his sense of credulity and is so vast as to be beyond his conceptual capacity. The problem of disarmament is also much too complicated to be fully comprehended by him, except in the perversely myopic sense of realizing that his economic welfare is somehow tied to the continuance of the arms race. Despite the poor performance of the economy since the end of the Korean War and the growth of unemployment, the affluent society continues to maintain its image unimpaired. There are no breadlines, as in the 1930s, and the economic problem has not yet pierced the individual's consciousness since, for most people, it is not yet a direct threat. And if one major aspect of the economic problem is the long-run power threat implied by the disparate rates of economic growth between the United States and the Soviet Union, then surely this is the most remote of his immediate concerns. And foreign policy has become so caught up in the ideology of the cold war that the common man can react to it only emotionally, and without protest underwrite the vast expenditures needed for a senseless and suicidal arms race. In short, the problems of the 1960s are much too abstract for the limited social vision of the common man.



It is in this totally different context, as compared with the 1930s, that a non-ideological man like President Kennedy must operate. Early in his campaign of 1960, President Kennedy assumed the mantle, scepter and orb of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. He presented himself to the electorate in Roosevelt's image and proclaimed the New Frontier. Sounding very much like a committed ideologue with a vision, he vowed to get America moving again. That the New Frontier, unlike the New Deal, bogged down in a series of debilitating political compromises in no way destroys the basic validity of President Kennedy's self-identification with Roosevelt. Both are supreme examples of the non-committed, non-ideological politician acting strictly out of political expediency. Both placed the highest value on political success at the polls and regarded such success as the *sine qua non* of their existence. And neither had any fixed or well-defined vision of the good society. Any social interests they upheld were not so much out of conviction, as out of their inherent political value at the polls. Yet though the two men are similar in all these and other respects, the consequences of their common and purely political approach to politics are not the same. The 1960s are, obviously, not the 1930s.

Since the 1960s do not confront the individual with understandable, let alone meaningful, problems to which the President can respond politically, it is not surprising that when President Kennedy wets his finger and holds it up to the political winds, he finds them blowing simultaneously in all directions. As a non-ideologue, he has no commitment, with the result that he is found standing squarely in the center, surrounded on all sides by advisers who are similarly uncommitted. And democratic politics has thus degenerated into a conforming *consensus around the middle*. This does not mean, of course, that nothing at all is done. In both foreign and domestic policy the President moves first in one direction, feels the situation out and then, according to his political sensibilities, moves in another. He excels in practicing a pragmatism that has become wishy-washy; an "ideology of caginess" that becomes internally inconsistent and directionless. There is no coherence, no well-thought-out sense of purpose in foreign policy, or with respect to domestic policy. Above all, and unlike the 1930s, there is no general consensus in the body politic to which the President can respond, out of sheer political expediency, in a clear and consistent manner. In short, there is no limiting frame of reference within which to innovate; and, lacking one of his own, he flounders, compromises and tries to be all things to all men. Instead of serving as a creative leader who restructures the existing forces and forges a new framework for politics in America, he has in effect become the broker over a competing set of interests. The danger inherent in such a situation is that the void may eventually be hidden behind a barrage of bombast and a hardening lack of flexibility that turns to truculence and blindly strikes out in dangerous directions. Or, in the face of a national hysteria, the President may respond in

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a way which, though politically expedient, could by miscalculation quickly bring on the holocaust.

High on President Kennedy's reading list is Richard Neustadt's *Presidential Power*, a book which has been likened to Machiavelli's *The Prince*. Neustadt's thesis is that a President should use every conceivable political technique to manipulate existing interests in achieving his political, social and economic goals. President Kennedy seems to have learned his lesson well without quite understanding what Neustadt was really trying to say: that a liberal President, given a conservative Congress, is forced to operate in a Machiavellian way in order to manipulate a majority of the existing forces behind his program. A conservative President would not need to employ these techniques since the already existing reactionary powers in Congress would do the job for him. A liberal President, in the absence of a popular ground swell, has to overcome the perversities of our political system by providing leadership and bringing pressure to bear on the Congress. Leadership in these circumstances requires vision as well as technique. President Kennedy, however, has failed to provide the needed creative leadership precisely because he has no clear picture of what *ought* to be. Indeed, like Lipset, he has rationalized the emptiness of modern society and has declared that it *is* the good society and that all the problems which do remain are purely technical.

Two recent talks by the President more than amply demonstrate just how deeply "committed" he is to the end-of-ideology approach to politics. In his remarks before the Economic Conference held in Washington on May 21, 1962, the President distinguished between myth and reality in these words:

> *I would like also to say a word about the difference between myth and reality. Most of us are conditioned for many years to have a political viewpoint, Republican or Democrat — liberal, conservative, moderate. The fact of the matter is that most of the problems, or at least many of them that we now face, are technical problems, are administrative problems. They are very sophisticated judgments which do not lend themselves to the great sort of "passionate movements" which have stirred this country so often in the past. Now they deal with questions which are beyond the comprehension of most men.*

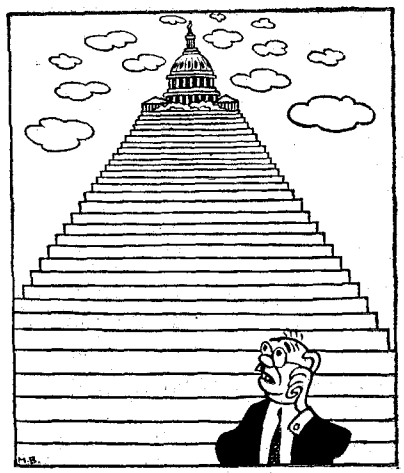
A month later, at his 1962 commencement address at Yale University, the President further elaborated on this theme:

> *Today . . . the central domestic problems of our time . . . do not relate to basic clashes of philosophy and ideology, but to ways and means of reaching common goals—to research for sophisticated solutions to complex and obstinate issues.*
>
> *What is at stake in our economic decisions today is not some grand warfare of rival ideologies which will sweep the country with passion, but the practical management of a modern economy. What we need are not labels and clichés but more basic discussion of the sophisticated and technical questions involved in keeping a great economic machinery moving ahead.*
>
> *. . . Political labels and ideological approaches are irrelevant to the solutions.*

Thus, the art of compromise and technical manipulation is all that remains. The problems usually associated with an ethic of conscience are no longer with us. The faith ladder has been stripped of its rungs and we are all standing on the hard ground of objective fact.

It would not be stretching matters too far to regard this approach as an American variation on the Marxian theme of dialectical change —with the dialectical process having been brought to a halt in the final synthesis of the modern, non-ideological, democratic welfare state shimmering in the radiance of a non-committed scientism. It has, furthermore, one element in common with most other philosophies of history—it celebrates the present. The present becomes the touchstone for measuring the past and the future. And poor Hegel has been stood on his head, once more. Only this time instead of the better being the critic of the good, the good insures that the better will not come into existence.

The end-of-ideology approach to politics is nothing more than the ideology of the *status quo*. It can be so described in the sense that if the good society has already been achieved, then, by definition, the need for structural criticism no longer exists. And American political thought is found at the end of its ideological tether.



It is time, therefore, that the graduate departments of our major universities, for example, become more than just places where competent technicians are trained. Rather than making what C. Wright Mills called "structural criticism" their business, they have enthroned a false scientism, made a fetish of an objectivity which, of necessity, must also be false, and have in the process become centers for radiating the end-of-ideology approach to social problems. In essence, they have become the great defenders of the American Establishment.

Though the intellectuals in our universities have rationalized and made the politics of apathy respectable, they have done so *ex post facto;* they were preceded by the politicians who, without being conscious that their actions had a name, practiced it nevertheless. The politicians have long become, to use Max Weber's terminology, scientists without vision and sensualists without heart; but at least they have had the saving grace, unlike the intellectuals, of not rationalizing their intellectual bankruptcy into the good society.

It may be that no feasible changes exist, under the present circumstances, which would make the American political and economic system, as we know it, viable. But it is at least incumbent upon us to determine if this is so and not slide into a doctrinal rigidity which would assure its defeat. The problem facing us may not be a purely technical one. We need to determine this and if our traditional tools and approaches are found to be inadequate, then what will be needed is a drastic re-evaluation of our institutional framework and the value premises upon which it is based. It

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is, in effect, a question of what changes are needed, at the minimum, to make the American system viable over the long run in a world of power politics.

The threat posed by the end-of-ideology approach to social and international problems is that it will promote an ideological brittleness and intransigence which will effectively rule out any criticism of any of the basic presuppositions concerning the righteousness of its cause. For the worship of "scientism" tends to convert "facts" into revealed truths which, by their very nature, brook no challenge and refuse to be negotiated. The final result may well be a doctrinal rigidity which, backed up by an admitted nuclear advantage, will then turn a hardened face to the Soviet Union.

If the Soviet Union is similarly rigid in its ideology, the result must, inevitably, be nuclear war. There are, however, some who see in the rise of the "new class" the beginning of the end of ideology in the East. It is extremely doubtful that the new bureaucracy, with its own class interests and its desire to perpetuate and promote its welfare, will ultimately be able to seize political power and, in the name of the end of ideology, seek to secure its advantages by coming to some agreement with the West. This would be wishful thinking on our part of the most dangerous sort. The history of the West itself stands in testament to the failure of bureaucracy to wrest political power for itself. But it is not necessary to pin our hopes on such an improbable development. Communist ideology throughout the postwar period, and especially since the death of Stalin, has demonstrated a remarkable ability to adapt itself to the "concrete historical conditions" of its time. A case in point is the evolution of the doctrine of "peaceful coexistence" from Lenin to Stalin to Khrushchev, and the seriousness of the Sino-Soviet split over the latter's revisionism.

It appears, therefore, that Communists in the postwar period have been moving in the direction of a greater ideological flexibility at the same time as we in the West have been moving in the opposite direction. The danger, therefore, is in the further spread of the end of ideology in the West which would incapacitate us in our ideological conflict with the Soviet Union and preclude our meeting the challenge either by default or, more probably, by war.

Finally, and as an epilogue, if it is true, as Daniel Bell has argued, that the New Left in Britain "has passion but little definition of the future," it is also true that in the liberalism of the United States even the passion has been leached out. Liberalism in this country is dead. There is no responsible Left. And the end of ideology or the politics of apathy is its legacy. The Bells, the Lipsets, the Schlesingers, the Galbraiths and the myriad Kennedys: they are all that is—*Left.*

II. The British Scene

Socialists without Socialism . . Norman Birnbaum

Oxford, England

The Conservative government of Harold Macmillan is staggering; if the trends apparent in recent by-election results and in current opinion polls continue, the Labour Party will be returned victors in the next General Election. On the face of it, then, British socialism is a potent contemporary political force; a new Labour government is imminent, in this year or the next, and we may expect it to make alterations in British society which will fulfill the promise of its previous period of office, 1945-51, when the foundations of the British Welfare State were laid.

All, however, is not as it seems. The Conservatives' obvious difficulties, indeed incapacities, have not served to verify a Socialist critique of Britain's existing institutions; that critique, insofar as it has been manifested in Labour's parliamentary strategy and tactics, has been muted. Labour's leadership (this was a particular contribution of the late Hugh Gaitskell) has sought to emphasize the Labour Party's sense of "responsibility," its ineradicable devotion to pragmatic and cautious approaches to possible changes in British society. In the event, the party has been unable to generate a coherent and persuasive program. Labour, concerned with its public "image," has neglected the problem of developing a vision of a Socialist Britain to oppose to the curious combination of unrestrained egoism and protective class snobbery which Toryism cannot do without.

One of the arguments for Labour's long-range caution has been an electoral one. The British electorate, it has been plausibly argued, will in the foreseeable future simply not respond to massive Socialist propaganda. One-third of the working class votes Tory, anyhow. A sizable proportion of the remainder *do* vote Labour—when class solidarity or immediately visible economic self-interest, as with the current spread of unemployment in certain areas, can be utilized to get them to the polls. A working class less concerned with radical alterations in existing society can hardly be found, even in America. It is true that the workers resent their exclusion from the customary advantages of the middle class. This results not in Socialist militancy, but in diffuse irritability with the middle class and in an apathetic withdrawal of a psychologically defensive kind which is reflected in low productivity. The younger and more energetic workers, in the meantime, have certainly contributed to that one-third of all young Britons under the age of thirty-five who, questioned recently, said they would like to emigrate.

The middle class, meanwhile, will not have socialism. In these circumstances, it is not surprising that Labour went to the country in 1959 with no more than what Gaitskell termed "a modest program of social reform."

Labour did not, of course, win in 1959; contining prosperity, Macmillan's timely assumption of the role

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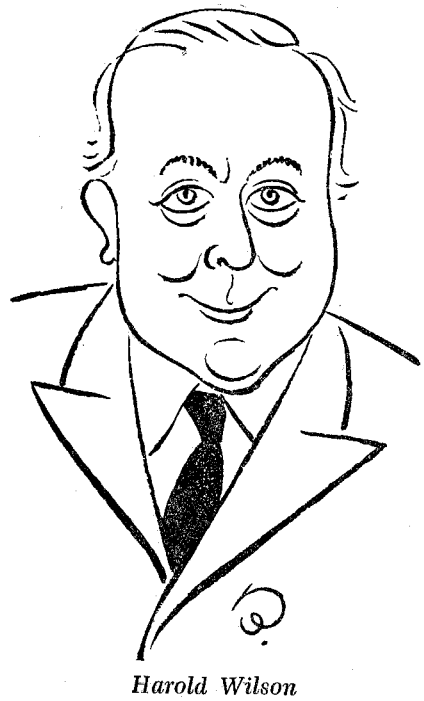
of an "honest broker" between Moscow and Washington, and Labour's seemingly interminable internal quarrels all contributed to a Tory victory. For the past few years, however, the Tories have been in severe difficulties: their economic policy has had adverse effects not alone on the working class, but on the modest ambitions of authentic Tory supporters from the lower middle class. By-election results in 1961 and 1962, however, seemed to show that a revived Liberal Party is profiting from the discontent of a critical proportion of voters who no longer think that the Tories rule by divine right, but who are clearly skeptical of the Labour alternative. Liberal inroads at the expense of Conservative candidates in the next General Election would give Labour a national victory. The significant fact, however, is that the past years have been marked by a decline of confidence in the Tories, but not by a discernible movement of opinion towards Labour. There are some, indeed, who hold that the voters who have broken away to the Liberals (or abstained) at by-elections will return to support the Tories. I myself think this is unlikely: the humiliations in foreign policy inflicted on the government by Kennedy and de Gaulle (the Skybolt affair and the collapse of the application to join the Common Market), the palpable demonstration of Britain's insignificance during the Cuba crisis and, above all, unemployment seem to preclude any revival of Tory fortunes, even should the government hang on until 1964.

Britain's changed position in the world has been acknowledged more openly by the Labour Party than by the Tories. It must be remembered that imperialism left as one of its residues a considerable amount of racialism in the British working class, and that the anti-colonialism of the Labour Party—exemplified in its stand against the Suez adventure—has been the work chiefly of middle-class intellectuals in the party. They, however, suffer from another debility engendered in the imperialist era: the notion of Britain's unique moral mission in the world. In the conflict between mass feelings of racial superiority of a vaguely pro-colonialist kind, and elitist notions of demonstrating British moral superiority by imperial renunciation (combined with a continuation of British tutelage), it is not surprising that British socialism has failed to work out a clear analysis of a change which, in principle, it welcomes.

The Fabians, it is embarrassing to recall, were partly imperialist themselves: they thought that a Socialist home country could manage the empire more efficiently. This, perhaps, contributed to the lack of analysis of imperialism—particularly in its relationship to domestic social structure — which has characterized British Socialist thought. The Empire gone, British socialism has surprisingly little to say about the Third World. An instinctive sympathy for populations struggling to rise from economic misery, a vague notion of Commonwealth solidarity and a generalized desire to help are not substitutes for a precise analysis of the economic links between Britain and the underdeveloped areas and of their implications for the maintenance of British capitalism and for political developments inside the ex-colonial societies themselves. One would have expected British Labour to have exerted an influence in a state like Ghana; a one-party regime has developed there accompanied by little more than pained regret on the part of British Socialists. The British Labour Party believes that Britain should spend more on aid to the underdeveloped countries; it lacks, however, a definite conception of the relationship between that aid and a general Socialist program.



Harold Wilson

This curious vagueness in a central area of contemporary politics is matched by an excess of definition with respect to Britain's alliance with the United States. The Labour governments of 1945-51 led Britain into NATO and—like good Social Democrats nearly everywhere—were prepared to subordinate much to the defense of the "Free World." The leadership of the Parliamentary party followed then, as it did until last month, the principle of the absolute primacy for Britain of the American alliance—although from time to time a certain skepticism has been voiced as to the means sometimes chosen to wage the cold war. A very small minority of the party has been unable to believe much evil of the USSR and is consequently totally opposed to the alliance. A larger group in the middle, fluctuating in size but at times in the past able to restrain the leadership, does sense a certain contradiction between the requirements of an alliance with the world's strongest capitalist power and a decent respect for the appearances—at least—of a Socialist foreign policy. In particular, this group is skeptical of the good sense and good faith of much militant American anti-communism, hopes for an honorable accommodation in the cold war accompanied by increasing liberalization in the Soviet Union, and is disturbed by the prospect (very visible in October of 1962) that Britain's life or death can be decided in Washington. Gaitskell certainly did not belong to this group, even if he sympathized with it at times; Harold Wilson most certainly does—it will be interesting to see how he treats foreign policy as leader of the party.

I have said that for British Labour the relationship to the United States is excessively well defined—that is to say, the fact of the alliance sets somewhat narrow limits to British Socialist initiatives within it. The party's Left—supported by many in the Center, including Wilson—utilized the astonishing popular strength and vigor of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament in an effort to change course (and, incidentally, leaders). This came to nothing. To its credit, the party was prepared to acknowledge the impracticality of the British independent deterrent — which Attlee, after all, had commenced—

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well before the Skybolt debacle. The acknowledgment was *not*, of course, part of a general demand for a critical reappraisal of Britain's alliances, but was ostentatiously presented as a "responsible" contribution to making Britain a more effective member of NATO. At the moment, then, Labour as a party manifests critical attitudes towards the American alliance—but has no alternative foreign policy to offer.

The Common Market crisis again found the Labour Party disoriented. A small group — mainly among those who are insistent on the modernization of Britain, but also including some trade unionists whose industries might have benefited from entry—were determined proponents of Britain's membership. The party as a whole opposed the move. Some thought that the modernization of British industry ought not to be effected in a way which would mean sacrifices for the working class; others worried about Commonwealth ties and Britain's role in the larger world. Gaitskell himself (joined by Harold Wilson) opposed Britain's entry for a number of reasons difficult to disentangle: electoral calculation, economic apprehension and a chauvinistic sense of Britain's moral superiority to mere Continentals. Labour's failure to realize the international Socialist possibilities inherent in the Common Market must rank as a token of its almost incurable provincialism.

Labour's difficulties in the sphere of foreign policy result from a basic indecisiveness on what is the central issue for all Socialist movements. The Labour Party has neither an idea of the kind of society it wishes Britain to become, nor a program for attaining anything other than some very short-term goals; its disorientation, at the moment, is pervasive.

After the defeat of 1959, Gaitskell attempted to persuade the party formally to renounce its constitutional principle of public ownership. The ensuing controversy produced much heat but exceedingly little light; Gaitskell was rebuffed, but was left free to nationalize as much or as little of British industry as he chose, should he take office. In the event, Labour chooses to extend nationalization no further; it is even unclear whether road transport and steel will be renationalized, despite promises to this effect. What the party has been saying for the past decade is that Britain's economy requires a coherent plan; more recently, the French model has been invoked. It was, however, the Conservative government which last year established the National Economic Development Council—in a characteristic British compromise, a planning body has been instituted and given no visible power over the economy. The powerlessness of the council does not disturb the Labour Party very much. Bound to strict parliamentarianism, it is just as pleased to see economic policy left as before with the Cabinet. Most of the party's thinking about its next administration can be expressed in two complementary propositions: first, that too much interest in Socialist solutions to British economic difficulties will keep it out of office; second, that once in office, its chief task will be to make British capitalism work.

It would be gratuitously unfair to the Labour Party, however, simply to compare it to the American "New Frontier" (that is, to the latter's minimal efforts for socio-economic reconstruction in American society). In office, the Labour Party would use the powers of government for a considerable improvement in the social welfare services and, above all, in public educational resources—more defective in Britain than in any comparable industrial society. Tax policy would alter some of the covert inequalities of the present system. In short, the Labour Party in office would do as most Western European Social Democratic parties—try to make society more just and humane—and, possibly, rather more efficient.

The sources of Labour's exceedingly conventional aproach to Britain's problems merit examination; they tell us something about Western society as a whole, as well as about Britain's present peculiarities.

The view that any effort to actualize socialism is Utopian is congenial in a Britain in which the educational system discourages thought about the larger movement of society in history. The dominant mode of British social thought is, or thinks of itself as, "empirical" and "pragmatic." This "pragmatism" is merely a rationalization to justify the limiting of critical inquiry to problems of administrative technology, or to the formulation of problems in such a way that the *status quo* can be approached only bit by bit. If adherence to the Marxist tradition (something other, of course, than adherence to Marxism per se) in America is thought subversive, here it is thought simply to reflect a mental disorder. Most Labour theorists share, in this respect, common ground with their opponents.

Yet another phenomenon underlies these intellectual weaknesses of British socialism. British Labour is a movement in which middle-class and working-class reformism exist side by side. The original ethical impulses which motivated the first middle-class Socialists need not be, and cannot be, denied. Today, however, middle-class socialism by and large is a doctrine whose psychological dynamic is more likely to be a concern for an efficient and modern Britain than for the realization of a passion for justice. The working-class elements in the party have retreated to a defense of the sectional interests of their class, as manifested in the trade-union movement. The moral solidarity of the working class has thus been segregated from the universal ethical vision once elaborated by middle-class Socialists. Within the latter group, Utopians and technicians are, in any case, sharply opposed; the intellectual backwardness of the working-class segment of the party confirms the technicians in their view that the Utopians—in any case, few—are simply devoid of a sense of reality.

British reality is indeed depressing from the Socialist point of view. British neo-capitalism has been much less effective in economic terms than its counterparts on the Continent; none the less, it has scored a major psychological success. The ideology of *arrivisme* has been propagated by the mass media of communications and has been accepted by large numbers of voters, particularly in the lower middle class and in the upper reaches of the working class. Newer forms of status preoccupation and anxiety have replaced the older ones. The utilization of the Royal Family for implicit political ends has been significant. Its members are photographed, alternatively, on horseback in the countryside or mixing with

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the scum of mass society at film premières. In this atmosphere, appeals to equality are indeed likely to fall on deaf ears. It is interesting that the newer Labour theorists are terribly concerned about improving equality of opportunity—that is, of giving more people a chance to rise to middle-class incomes and status. This may well be a general characteristic of industrial society (similar phenomena are observable in the Soviet Union), but it is clearly not egalitarian socialism in its received form.

Harold Wilson's election to leadership of the Labour Party may bring a change in Labour's approach. Wilson is distrusted by those who think Labour's task is the maintenance of the present political consensus. His election was opposed, to a man, by Gaitskell's former associates; they were joined in a systematic campaign of personal denigration by a large body of "responsible" opinion outside the Labour Party.

Many think Wilson lacks "character." The charge is true, if we define "character" in the usual British way as a combination of instinctively conventional response and intellectual mediocrity. Wilson's biting wit (he is the most feared orator in the House of Commons) suggests that, having risen from the lower middle class, he is cynical and detached about the nation's elite. In a society in which money talks in the accents of "service," he has been one of the few Labour politicians to have disdained the usual mystifying vocabulary. The accusation that he lacks principle expresses the apprehension that his principles are all too clear: He is a convinced Socialist. His election to the leadership, it is true, is perhaps due more to his abilities than to his views, but some MPs may well have sensed that they were voting for a change. At any rate, a good many trade-union MPs voted for Wilson at the urging of Britain's most powerful trade-union leader, Frank Cousins; Cousins shares Wilson's Socialist views and is a neutralist.

It would be folly to expect too much of one man, who will have to avoid disrupting his party. More can be looked for, however, than a continuation of the game played to old rules. In the weeks since Wilson took charge, the atmosphere has altered. He has attacked Macmillan, personally, for snobbery, nepotism and incompetence—the sort of line Gaitskell apparently thought ungentlemanly. He has reaffirmed Labour's commitment to nationalization and said that the next Labour government would build factories in depressed areas to produce goods for overseas development. The reimposition of rent controls and a tax on wealth have been promised; an adventurous program in education and science is about to be announced. The Tories have counterattacked by charging that Labour plans wholesale nationalization. In the past, this was (for them) a sure winner. Now, with mass unemployment and a dismal national performance generally, the electorate may respond positively to a renewed campaign of Socialist education. Wilson, on the evidence available so far, seems to think that this is now the case.

In foreign affairs, he has thus far said little. His suggestion that the Berlin situation might be stabilized if East Germany and the Oder-Neisse line were recognized has brought a (predictable) protest from Bonn. He has reiterated Labour's allegiance to NATO, but it is clear that he does not interpret this to mean unconditional loyalty to the United States. In short, his leadership could set in motion far-reaching changes on a broad front. At the very least, Labour politics will be more interesting than they have been in the recent past: even that, in contemporary Britain, will be an achievement.

New Look at the Oldest Difference . . Gene Marine

San Francisco

William Bolitho, writing of Lola Montez, said that "the confrontation of a hostile crowd, to a woman, is like a tonic." If he was right, there were at least two women in San Francisco a few weekends ago whose manic state, after their public appearances, must have kept them from sleep for a fortnight. The occasion for their "confrontation" was a three-day symposium on "The Potential of Woman," sponsored by the San Francisco Medical Center of the University of California. About 850 of the 1,200 registrants were women, most of them over forty and most neither doctors nor visitors from Academe.

These women (and the 350 or so men) listened to expert primatologists, psychologists, gynecologists, historians, psychiatrists and anthropologists discourse on matters ranging from life among Asian langur monkeys to the effects of labor law on women, by way of a recipe (from a Johns Hopkins medical psychologist) for an aphrodisiac cocktail. In addition they heard from three writers, a popular purveyor of Far Eastern philosophy and an unintelligible purveyor of one or more Western ones, a museum curator and an investment banker. The bases were pretty well covered.*

The women in the audience listened to all this with respectful attention. What they resisted listening to, with tight-lipped and hard-eyed hostility, was some plain talk from two members of their sex: Stanford psychologist Eleanor Maccoby and author-poet Marya Mannes. These two got some strong backing, notably from anthropologist-philosopher Ethel Albert, historian Adrienne Koch, gynecologist Edmund Overstreet and psychologist John Money; but it was Dr. Maccoby and Miss Mannes who dealt most bluntly with the inevitable relationship between womankind and morality.

The points they made were simple and few. Women are the victims of a cultural stereotype, but this is because they themselves in-

Gene Marine, editor and journalist, specializes in the West Coast scene.

*There were fifteen papers presented, and seven long *ad lib* panels; obviously the symposium can't be fully covered here. McGraw-Hill will have it out in book form in about a year (titled *The Potential of Women*).

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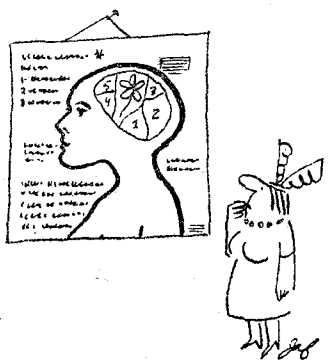
sist on it and like it that way. They can break loose, individually, and begin to attain their potential, only when they are willing to look a few conventions in the eye and calculatedly spit. And before this happens on any large scale, a lot of both men and women are going to have to learn that the distinction between "man" and "woman" is not so obvious as we might think, even physically.

There are, of course, differences, both in capacity and in accomplishment. The first part of Dr. Maccoby's paper described some of these differences, notably as they have been revealed during the last thirty or forty years—ever since "large numbers of women have had op-



portunities for higher education opened to them":

A Madame Curie is conspicuous by her very rarity. Even in the field of letters . . . we have more men than women who are productive, creative writers. When it comes to achievement in science, the imbalance is much greater. Our colleges produce very few women who become intellectually excited by, or immersed in, a scientific problem; or who organize large bodies of diverse data into a new theoretical statement.

Dr. Maccoby cited a 1956 study of 400 Radcliffe Ph.D.s showing that women publish substantially less than men of comparable jobs and rank, and that about half the women with doctorates had published little or nothing at all. Just as the audience was thinking up reasons having to do with marriage and childbearing, she went on to note that the women who had married had published as much as those who had not. Obviously something else is operating. Is there some inherent difference between men and women that is functioning here?

There are certainly some test differences and, as will be seen, some point in summarizing a few of them here. After the 5th or 6th grade, for instance, girls excel over boys in measure of "verbal fluency." That means that they write longer themes, or they can think of more words starting with "pa" in fifteen seconds, or they tell longer stories about stimulus pictures.

Boys, on the other hand, collect the prizes in mathematics once arithmetic is past. In analytic geometry, trigonometry, algebra and quantitative reasoning, it's boys all the way—averaging about fifty points higher on scholastic-aptitude tests for college admissions. This could be because girls—not intending to be physicists or engineers—just don't care about working at math; but it could be because they "lack certain abstract or analytical qualities of mind." There's some evidence for that in the mass of data that has been collected.

Try this test—the idea being to figure out how the series is formed, and then to name the next number in the series:

2, 4, 6, 8. . . .

Of course it's 10. Now try *2, 4, 8, 16, 32* . . . Get that one? Okay, now try this one: *14, 23, 34, 42, 50, 59, 72* . . .

With apologies to Californians, the next number is 81, and the series is the series of stops on New York's 8th Avenue subway. Even New Yorkers probably didn't recognize it, because you were set for a different kind of series. Any human being has difficulty "breaking set"—but women have more difficulty than men.

Newspapers used to print line drawings of landscapes, out of which you were supposed to pick a human face. This is an "embedded figures" test, and you have to "break the set" of the landscape to find the face. There are also spatial tests—for instance, how many surfaces are visible on *the other side* of a pile of cubes? There's a test in which you group different kinds of pictures together, and one in which you try to align a rod inside a frame so that it's upright, even if the frame is tilted. All are set-breakers, and women have a tougher time with all of them. People who are good at breaking sets are called (from the embedded-figures test) "figure-dependent"; people who aren't are called "field-dependent."

All these things go together, statistically: figure-dependence, mathematical skill and analytic intelligence on the one hand; field-dependence, verbal skill, and what's called "global" intelligence—intelligence that focuses on a whole scene rather than on details—on the other. Dr. Maccoby goes on from there:

I suggest that girls on the average develop a somewhat different way of handling incoming information—that their thinking is less analytic, more global and more perseverative—and that this kind of thinking may serve them very well for many kinds of functioning, but that it is not the kind of thinking most conducive to high-level intellectual productivity, especially science. . . . There are many women who think analytically, and many men who do not, but there are consistent differences in the average performance of the two sexes.

Dr. Maccoby, not content with reporting differences, went on to talk about how the differences get different. Overprotected boys were found in one study to be good in language work, bad at math. Another study, testing for field- and figure-dependence, found that the more analytic children had the most freedom at home, while the field-dependents had mothers with strong apron strings. Some children's IQ rise between pre-school years and the age of ten; some go down. Those whose scores go up are "competitive, self-assertive, independent and dominant"; the others are "passive, shy and dependent." Dr. Maccoby, at this point, began to approach the core of her message:

The key to the matter seems to lie in whether, and how soon, a child is encouraged to assume initiative, to take responsibility for himself, and solve problems by himself, rather than relying upon others for the direction of his activities.

The psychologist went on to note that analytic, figure-dependent women tend to have had "an unusually close relationship with their fathers, rather than their mothers," when growing up, and tend "to be *low* in acceptance of authority." Finally, a colleague's advice on how to make a girl into an intellectual person: "The simplest way to put it is that she must

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be a tomboy at some point in her childhood."

Girls who do well at analytic thinking, Dr. Maccoby said, "are not very feminine creatures, at least not according to the standards our present society sets." She coupled this with the fact that girls "are more greatly influenced by the opinions of others" than are boys, that girls conform more "to what they perceive to be the social demands."

It is probably these conformist tendencies that help them to excel at spelling and punctuation—the kinds of performances for which there is only one, socially prescribed, right answer. But for higher-level intellectual productivity, it is independence of mind that is required.

The curious, exploratory, dominant, independent little girl, who likes to play with boys and doesn't dig dolls, eventually has to go to school, where the boys won't play with her any more and where she finds out that she isn't acting as little girls are supposed to act. To put it differently, if she is to maintain "the qualities of dominance, independence and active striving that appear to be requisites for good analytic thinking," she has to defy the *Ladies' Home Journal* conventions—to act, if you will, ungirl-like.

She may do this successfully, in many ways, but I suggest that it is a rare intellectual woman who will not have paid a price for it: a price in anxiety. And I hazard the guess that it is this anxiety which helps to account for the lack of productivity among those women who do make intellectual careers.

A look around showed the men in the audience serious and attentive; the sprinkling of younger women mostly smiling; and the rest of the women now wary-eyed and murmuring. They obviously sensed a threat in Dr. Maccoby's words, and the threat—it seemed easy to see—was to their mental pictures of themselves. While they stared, the psychologist—poised, attractive and feminine in a lovely blue dress—read a few calm sentences:

I wonder whether our current social definition of the feminine woman and girl could not undergo some revisions without any damage to the essential functions of women. Does a woman really need to be passive and dependent in order to be sexually attractive to men, or in order to be a good mother? Could we not accept and encourage the active, dominant, independent qualities of the intellectual girl without labeling her as masculine, and encourage in her whatever aspects of femininity are compatible with an analytic quality of mind? I recognize that I am raising some controversial and intricate issues here. . . .

Now it was the turn of Miss Mannes:

. . . Women are obsessed with an ideal of femininity as the guarantee of happiness. Be thin, be smart, be gay, be sexy, be soft-spoken. Get new slipcovers, learn new recipes, have bright children, further your man's career, help the community, drive the car, smile.

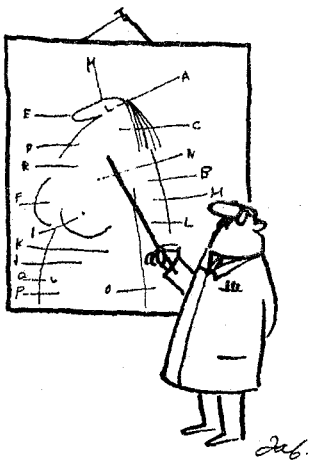
The American girl, forced into the mold "by the time she is going steady—at twelve," can change only by losing popularity and acclaim, and there is no popularity attached to "independence of mind, intellectual ambition, and attachment to work." Instead, there is the bitter pattern of the day:

Marry the boy right away, get the house right away, have the brood right away. No time for search of self, no time for experiments in love and life, no time for interior growth, no time for the great world outside.

Having come close to saying literarily what Dr. Maccoby had said scientifically, she went on to say plainly what some of the physical scientists present said in the contexts of their disciplines. "Each human being, male or female," she said, "is composed of both male and female components and . . . the proportion of one to the other varies widely in each person."

Dr. Overstreet, the gynecologist, had already spent much of his speech on the effects of the hormones extrogen and androgen in our bodies—the one hormone "female," the other "male," but both of them present in all of us.* This all goes together. Call "analytic" thinking "masculine" (not superior, just different). With it goes intellectual creativity, figure-dependence, a little more androgen, mathematical skill, low authority-acceptance, dominance and independence. Call "global" thinking "feminine": with it go field-dependence, passivity, a little less androgen, verbal skills. Obviously, all of us have a little of this, a little of that, to varying degrees.

Dr. Koch, Dr. Albert, Dr. Maccoby and Miss Mannes all pointed out that the women's-magazine career-vs.-home plot is just another stereotype, that nothing stands in the way of a complete life, with children, for the creative woman. And she cut through the sentimentality about children ("Is a proliferation of



babies more important to the race now than the development of intelligence?") to the facts of a creative woman's life:

If she has children . . . she must pay for this indulgence with a long burden of guilt, for her life will be split three ways between them and her husband and her work. What she gives to one she must take from the other, and there will be no time when one or the other is not harmed.

After describing some other, related problems, Miss Mannes (who is also Mrs. Clarkson) said that "most of us learn to accept this if we want both worlds of wife and work," but if she had any friends left among the matrons in the audience she lost them by adding quite seriously that "the only alternative is to relinquish marriage in favor of men."

There was silence in the audience, but it was a hostile, almost angry silence. It's a shame. There was a lot to be learned about "the potential of women"; but the women who came to listen didn't have the potential—and their daughters, no doubt, have been going steady since they were twelve.

*The "creative" woman we're talking about tends to run a little above the female average in the androgen department. What's interesting is that androgen appears to be the "libido hormone" in both men and women. It would be exaggeration to say that intellectual women are easier to arouse sexually, but the leaning is that way. *Mens sana in corpore sano.*

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Strategy and Conscience

STUDIES OF WAR. By P. M. S. Blackett. Hill and Wang. 242 pp. $3.95.

Theodore Roszak

P. M. S. Blackett is an English physicist, a Fabian Socialist, a Nobel Prize-winner (1948) and (along with Sir Henry Tizard and Sir Robert Watson-Watt) one of the leading designers of that close-working partnership of scientists and soldiers which the English call operational research and the Americans operations analysis. He first came to the attention of the American reading public in 1948 when, in *Fear, War, and the Bomb*, he advanced two startling theses. He declared that the atomic bombing of Japan in 1945 was not motivated, as American officialdom had claimed, by military necessity, but rather by purely political designs; namely, the desire to forestall any significant Russian contribution to the war in the Pacific, and in general to cow a growingly troublesome Stalin. Hiroshima, Blackett maintained, was "the first major operation of the cold diplomatic war with Russia." Secondly, he blasted the enormously prestigious Baruch Plan as a plot to maintain a Western monopoly over the military and peaceful uses of atomic energy.

These were outrageous assertions, but they were argued with great cogency. Thus, they were typical of the polished and provocative thinking on military affairs we have come to expect of Blackett and which makes him one of the few operations analysts I find worth reading.

His latest book, *Studies of War*, is no exception to Blackett's brand of critical competence and independence. It contains fifteen essays, the earliest written in 1941, the latest in 1962. Six of the selections deal with the history and techniques of operations analysis. Blackett explains and justifies the discipline in this way:

> *Very many war operations involve considerations with which scientists are especially trained to compete, and in which serving officers are in general not trained. . . . The scientist can encourage numerical thinking on operational matters, and so can help to avoid running the war by gusts of emotion.*

This section of the book includes two primers, done by Blackett for the British Government, that are perhaps the best brief technical introductions to operations analysis available. The remaining essays, dating from 1948, are critiques that raise some extremely cogent doubts about contemporary strategic studies and official British and American defense policy.

The major failing Blackett finds in Western defense policy is its obsession with glamorous weapons of annihilation and its concomitant unwillingness to cultivate conventional means of war. Conventionally armed troops seem to be Blackett's ultimate solution to the military dilemmas of a thermonuclear age: more reliance on more of them as soon as possible. While this is usually dismissed as an alternative unavailable to the West, Blackett rests his case on a rather obvious fact: the combined population of the NATO powers (420 million) exceeds by 50 per cent that of the Warsaw Pact nations (280 million). Why then does the West pretend that the creation of large, conventional armies is out of the question? The answer, Blackett feels, lies in purely internal political and economic considerations. "More bang for your buck" means less taxes and fewer draftees, hence more election victories for political parties that cry the slogan loudest.

Ironically enough — though Blackett does not observe the fact — the penny-pinching rationale for emphasizing super-weaponry is fast evaporating. American arms budgets continue to mushroom as we find ourselves testing, researching and developing in bewildering quantities every conceivable kind of weapons system. And, as the logic of deterrence more and more demands an effective civil defense (we dare not threaten to hit them unless we can "afford" to have them hit us back), the expenses of building the thermonuclear society stagger the imagination. The RAND Corporation recommends one civil defense system costing $200 billion, and it is the only system so far proposed that looks enough like a national tomb to promise some kind of physical survival (who in this heyday of "political realism" worries about any other kind of survival?) until, of course, the Russians produce bigger bombs.

The British, American and Russian Governments avoid these latter costs by being irresponsible; that is, by building weapons and adopting strategies they could implement only at the cost of annihilating their societies. The recent Cuban crisis shows, however, with what ease this irresponsibility can be obscured from public view — even in a period of extreme danger — by the skillful use of rhetoric and the whirlwind manipulation of events and information.

Three essays in this collection deserve close attention by American readers. The first is Blackett's critique of what Albert Wohlstetter of RAND called in 1959, "the delicate balance of terror." The "delicacy" of this balance, as Wohlstetter would have it, lies in the vast advantage an aggressor would derive from a surprise nuclear attack. Blackett argues that the feasibility of a Soviet surprise attack has been absurdly, almost suspiciously, exaggerated — even in 1959. Still, it is this kind of thinking that has led many to reject any consideration of serious disarmament negotiations with Russia until the mid-1960s — until, that is, the arms race has run another round and the supposed risk of surprise attack has been eliminated.

Secondly, Blackett offers a keen discussion of the possibilities of limited nuclear war. Even if nuclear war could be restricted (a doubtful prospect), Blackett reminds his readers that it would be "limited" only from the vantage points of America and the Soviet Union. Would Europe, Blackett wonders, survive even a "nuclear victory"? His argument here is mainly with Henry Kissinger. In light of Kissinger's recent change of mind (see his *Necessity of Choice*) it would seem Blackett has won his point.

Finally, the book contains Blackett's recent analysis of the Soviet and American war machines. This is the essay published in the April, 1962, *Scientific American*, which called seriously into question the candor of our

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In Memory of a Spanish Poet

Take leave of the sun, and of the wheat, for me.
Miguel Hernandez: written in prison, 1942.

I see you strangling
Under the black ripples of whitewashed walls.
Your hands turn yellow in the ruins of the sun.
I dream of your slow voice, flying,
Planting the dark waters of the spirit
With lutes and seeds.

Here, in the American midwest,
Those seeds fly out of the field and across the strange heaven of my skull.
They scatter out of their wings a quiet farewell,
A greeting to my country.

Now twilight gathers,
A long sundown.
Silos creep away toward the west.

James Wright

official professions of military vulnerability and our proclaimed need of a further defense build-up. The American arsenal, as Blackett describes it, is enormous beyond all rational need; only purposes other than an adequate military defense can explain our continued nuclear testing and accelerated weapons development.

Blackett is my idea of a pretty hard-headed customer in the field of military affairs. He is nowhere near being a pacifist, nor is he in the least sentimental about Soviet intentions. And yet, significantly enough, his analyses lead him to support unilateral nuclear disarmament for Britain as well as unilateral initiatives in the direction of disarmament on the part of the United States. Moreover, I wonder if I am wrong in sensing that the one fellow strategist whose conclusions Blackett finds most tempting is Commander Sir Stephen King-Hall. Sir Stephen advocates that Britain scrap its military establishment and prepare itself for nonviolent resistance to aggression. These are positions and policies that the peace movements in England and America have supported for some years. At these points at least, then, moral sensitivity and strategic expediency would seem to cross, a juncture surely deserving the serious attention of us all.

There remains one aspect of Blackett's thought on which he must be taken to task. He is one of the very few operations analysts who do not hesitate to trace the moral implications of strategic decisions. His essays (especially those written in recent years) are shot through with references to the "moral abyss" in which we find ourselves and the "nauseating inhumanity" of the new military writers (Kahn, Knorr, Brodie, et al.). Passages like this are frequent:

> *Within a few decades, most official, military, religious and moral leaders of the West came to accept as justifiable a military doctrine [massive retaliation] which previously they would have denounced as wicked, nauseatingly immoral and inconceivable as a policy for the West. If, in response to a Soviet aggression with conventional forces, the American and British atomic bombers had set in motion to carry out the plans for which they are trained, then the six million victims of Hitler's gas chambers would be hardly remembered: the humane and civilized West would have sunk below the level of Genghis Khan.*

It is heartening to discover such sentiments in the midst of competent military analysis. But once upon a time Blackett was himself in the position of the heartless strategists he criticizes so sharply. He was on the inside, contributing to the making of great decisions, sharing the power and prestige of high places. Now, looking back to those war years, Blackett confesses to "a haunting sense of personal failure" with respect to one decision; that of the British Government to bomb the civilian population of Germany. Not that Blackett approved of that decision. Both he and Tizard strongly dissented from Churchill's bloodcurdling enthusiasm for saturation bombing. But on what grounds did they choose to express their dissent? The *only* issue ever raised, as far as Blackett reports (and C. P. Snow, who has written on the same decision) is that aerial bombardment would not kill as many people as the government expected; that the projected casualty statistics were inaccurate. So now Blackett bemoans the fact that had he "forced people to believe our simple arithmetic," the decision might not have been made.

We know now that Blackett was right. Aerial bombardment *was* a "disastrous flop." But human extermination was not then, just as it is not now, a matter of "simple arithmetic." It is a matter of simple humanity and calls for ethical not statistical expression. It is shocking to know that morally sensitive men in the British Government could not bring themselves in 1942 to protest the *fact* of mass murder, but only its efficiency. And so here is Blackett, the loyal civil servant and thoroughly professional operations analyst, discussing as he must have before his superiors the decision that was to cost the lives of half a million civilians and 160,000 Allied airmen. (The analysis comes from his 1943 handbook, "Note on Certain Aspects of the Methodology of Operational Research.")

> *To estimate from first principles, say, the number of civilian casualties likely to be produced by a given bombing effort, it would be necessary to make numerical*

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assumptions of at least the following factors.

Lethal efficiency of different types of bombs and fusing.

Distribution of bombs about the target.

Types of housing attacked and vulnerability to different types of bombs.

Habits of population, i.e., how many in streets, houses and shelters. . . .

In the ten months from August 1940 to June 1941, the total weight of bombs dropped on the United Kingdom by the enemy was about 50,000 tons, that is, at the average rate of 5,000 tons per month. The number of persons killed was 40,000, or an average of 4,000 per month, giving 0.8 killed per ton of bombs.

Static detonation trials showed that the British G.P. bombs then in use were about half as effective as the German light-cased bombs of the same weight. Hence, these bombs should produce only 0.4 killed per ton, when dropped under the same conditions. Our bombers had further to go to their targets, the enemy towns are less easy to find, and are smaller, and no radio aids were then available. One must therefore assume that the fraction of bombs falling in built-up areas in Germany was not more than half of the fraction of German bombs falling on built-up areas of Great Britain. Hence, we should expect about 0.2 killed per ton of bombs dropped. During 1941 an average of about 2,000 tons of bombs were dropped on Germany per month. The expected number of killed is therefore 2,000 x 0.2 = 400 per month. . . .

When the actual figures become available through intelligence sources or at the end of the war, it will be interesting to see how far this estimate is in error; and, if it is seriously in error, to find which other differential coefficients should have been taken into account.

At no point in Blackett's book does one find him ashamed for ever having written like this, nor does he exhibit any realization that the "coefficients" that "should have been taken into account" were the death and suffering of women and children, and his own pangs of conscience on their behalf. Or are we to grant Blackett (and along with him Kahn and Teller and the rest) that the province of quantification extends to human extermination? Can he not see that it is exactly this kind of bloodless, computerlike thinking that paved the way to Hiroshima and to the nightmare world beyond, in which we now live? What is it about the acquisition of official position that makes it seem to the best men among us an impossibly, unthinkably saintlike assertion of conscience to insist simply and unabashedly that the massacre of the innocents is wicked and ought not to be committed?

The Congo: A Calculated Confusion

TO KATANGA AND BACK. By Conor Cruise O'Brien. Simon & Schuster. 370 pp. $5.95.

THE UNITED NATIONS IN THE CONGO. By King Gordon. Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. 184 pp. $1.95.

Jane Stolle

Small wonder that the Congo question is still the most confusing as well as the most controversial one ever to come before the United Nations: the confusion surrounding it was to an enormous extent calculated, and controversy was the inevitable result. Immediately after a UN Security Council or General Assembly meeting intended to clarify what should be done in the Congo or even what, indeed, was going on there, ten different interpretations of the discussions could be heard in the Delegates' Lounge. Press reports of the meetings were as murky as the UN documents the correspondents read or the deductions of the delegates they questioned. The public, understandably, got a cloudy picture; its opinions on the Congo were formed less by fact than by emotion.

To Katanga and Back by Conor Cruise O'Brien and *The United Nations in the Congo* by King Gordon will not definitively dispel the controversy or the confusion, but, respectively, they shout and whisper much of the reason why. They should know what they're talking about; both were in the Congo as officials of ONUC (United Nations Operation in the Congo) for substantial periods of time, O'Brien as UN Secretariat Representative in Katanga and Gordon as Chief Information Officer for ONUC. Moreover, both have had practice in telling a story. Gordon, a Canadian, was managing editor of *The Nation* from 1944 to 1947 and, before joining the Secretariat, was the correspondent for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation at the United Nations. O'Brien had already made an important literary reputation in his native Ireland with two books — *Parnell and His Party* and (under the name of Donat O'Donnell) *Maria Cross* — before he went to the UN as a senior member of the Irish delegation. (Both men have gone from the UN to universities: Gordon, to the University of Alberta, and O'Brien to the University of Ghana.)

Their stories of the Congo operation could not be more divergent in tone, and in some cases, in content. There, again, confusion and controversy are served. However, by reading between the lines of Gordon's sober, impersonal account, and by winnowing O'Brien's impassioned and witty prose of its self-admitted contradictions and second thoughts, one has a clear picture of *why* the Congo story got so muddied up.

First and foremost, Dag Hammarskjold, the late Secretary-General, wanted it that way. Both authors, in their own ways, so assert. Hammarskjold, in an attempt to save the UN from accusations of breaches of neutrality, allowed and even fostered a tone of ambiguity in the early UN resolutions on the Congo. If aims and actions were too clearly defined, he apparently reasoned, the probability of agreement in their implementation was nil. Hammarskjold, having made a swing through Africa and Asia just before the Congo became independent of Belgium, was well aware that it was a microscosm of the underdeveloped world, and of the forces likely to be unleashed there: colonialism versus nationalism, Western political ideologies versus Eastern, plenty versus poverty.

Though Hammarskjold, of course, could not possibly have foreseen the full and ruthless vigor with which the contending forces were to fight for the mineral-rich Congo, he was prescient enough to take the UN into the Congo arena under the Charter's broadly interpreted Article 99. ("The Secretary-General may bring to the attention of the Security Council any matter which in his opinion may threaten the maintenance of international peace and security.") "By acting on his own initiative under Article 99," King Gordon writes, "the Secretary-General would be able *to define the issue to the ex-*

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clusion of certain factors which, if introduced, might make agreement difficult and defeat the possibility of achieving consensus on a firm mandate." (Italics added.) The mandate, at that time, could be set forth in fairly simple — if not completely forthright — terms: the UN force was to act as a non-fighting security force to guarantee the withdrawal of Belgian troops and maintain order during and after the withdrawal. That seemed limited enough in scope to pass the Security Council (Belgium had expressed reluctant willingness to withdraw its troops once the UN had arrived) and to get a UN "presence" in the Congo — Hammarskjold's overriding goal.

And pass it did, for widely varying and ambiguous reasons. Though, as colonial powers, France and the United Kingdom voiced strong private objections to such "international meddling in domestic affairs," they paid heed in public to the solid African support for the resolution, and abstained from voting. Looking back, it seems that from the first these two powers thus tacitly declared their intention to pay lip service only to UN operations in the Congo. But at the time every interested power was too caught up in its own diplomatic *double-entendre* to take a good look around.

So too for its own reasons, the USSR voted aye. The resolution not only served to get overvigilant Belgian troops out of the Congo, but also provided the Soviet Union with an opportunity to champion once again the rights of colonial peoples.

The United States, from the beginning, looked upon ONUC, as administered by Hammarksjold, as a means to keep communism out of the Congo. If the Belgians moved out voluntarily and the UN did not take their place, Soviet technicians and political advisers could move in freely — as they had already shown signs of doing. If the Belgians lingered, disorder along the lines of the bloody post-independence mutinies would continue and grow — providing the classic fertile soil for the propagation of communism. The U.S., smiling companionably on its new African brother-members, voted for the resolution.

So ONUC was off on its ill-defined path, with only vague sign posts to show it the way, and a plethora of interested fingers pointing in every which direction. To complicate a murky situation, the Congolese themselves, misled by the vagueness of UN language and their own wishful thinking, had still other ideas as to the role of the UN in the Congo, and the ideas varied from region to region, and even from leader to leader in those regions.

Above all, the leeway given the vast international industrial complex in the Congo by the calculated ambiguity of the early UN mandate allowed for behind-the-scenes manipulations in the Congo and in capitals throughout the world — manipulations to only one end: get the meddlesome UN out. Directors of Union Minière and its sister corporations in the rich copper belt from the Congo to the Union of South Africa rubbed their hands with satisfaction, reassured their African puppets and blocked out their evasive strategy.

As everyone knows, the secession of Katanga soon became the focal issue in the Congo problem. Without the treasure-trove of Katanga's mineral resources, the Congo could not survive as a political entity. Whereas Gordon's book deals with the Congo problem as a whole, O'Brien writes almost exclusively of his and of the UN's action in Katanga. Because of his own interpretation of what he flatly claims was Hammarskjold's final attempt — just before he met death in an airplane accident in Rhodesia — to becloud the UN's role in the Congo, O'Brien himself falls into confusion and controversy, controversy which was to lead to his forced resignation from the UN and the Irish Foreign Service. His book is a poignant human tale of one man's version of history in the making, even though history, as he admits, may not agree with his version in every particular. Certainly, future historians will

Resurrection

Sailing from Gravesend to Virginia
She died. In 1617 she died,
Died Matoax, "Little Snowfeather,"
Died Pocahontas, "Bright Stream Between Two Hills."

They turned the boat around and in the English church St. George
Penned her birth, penned her death:

Rebecca Wrothe, Wyffe
of Thomas Wrothe, Gentleman,
a Virginia Lady borne, here
is buried in ye chauncelle.

Before her death, she said
All must die
It is enough
Our child liveth.

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find Gordon's book, if less readable than O'Brien's, to contain the more useful source material. Written in the dignified language of the UN documents with which he fully annotates it, Gordon gives the most comprehensive and authoritative account yet published of the UN in the Congo. What confusion it contains is a result only of the ambiguities of the Congo story itself — and that is the worst story of modern history.

'Faint Tremblings'

THE AGE OF SUSPICION: ESSAYS ON THE NOVEL. By Nathalie Sarraute. Translated by Maria Jolas. George Braziller. 147 pp. $4.

Hayden Carruth

Avowedly, Mme. Sarraute's purpose in writing these four essays on the evolution of novelistic methods since Dostoevski is to defend the creators of the New Novel in France, including herself, and to link up their work with a prior tradition. Yet in general her criticism is just and good-humored. She does not, like some writers, come calling with an ax to grind and then, having ground it, use it to whack the tail off your favorite dog.

She is opposed to the convention of the "empty man," *homo absurdus*, from Kafka to Camus; occasionally her remarks on the values of this convention seem a bit imperceptive, a bit crude; but one can easily restore the balance from one's own reservoir of experienced nullity. She is more interesting when she discusses the convention of which she approves, that of the full or jam-packed man, as he appears in what we used to call the "psychological" novel, and when she examines the means by which this convention may be strengthened and prolonged.

Like all artists, Mme. Sarraute would be pleased to discover the "truth," or at least edge up closer to it than her predecessors did, and she believes that, so far as it may be usefully apprehended, it lies within the human personality. Up to this point she is a traditional psychological novelist. But she goes farther; she believes that ultimate truth is to be found only at the deepest depths of personality, below the levels explored by Proust or Virginia Woolf. It is expressed only in unobservable movements of the psyche, what she calls "tropisms," the ups and downs of our feelings which are so minor that we don't notice them, the "subtle, barely perceptible, fleeting, contradictory, evanescent movements, faint tremblings, ghosts of timid appeals and recoilings, pale shadows that flit by, whose unceasing play constitutes the invisible woof of all human relationships and the very substance of our lives."

As her readers know, Mme. Sarraute has invented an acute style for recording these "faint tremblings," a style stripped of much of the usual narrative machinery. She employs, for instance, conversation and sub-conversation, the latter being the thread of unspoken, interior response evoked by the former; and one of her characteristic devices, used effectively in *The Planetarium*, is to record a conversation between A and B twice, first with the accompaniment of A's sub-conversation, and secondly with B's. All this is run together without recourse to the usual means of indicating speech, thought, narration, etc. In this manner she organizes with great sensitivity the infinitesimal vacillations and misunderstandings which undoubtedly do occur "subjacently" in any human encounter, and often enough she is able to present them in such a way that they really appear to be the origins of momentous effects. These matters are discussed at some length in *The Age of Suspicion.*

One can speak only for oneself. My own feeling is that the "very substance" (whatever that means) of my life consists of more than "tremblings" and "shadows"; there is a lot of quite conscious agonizing over sex, death, money, and sometimes — *n'est-se pas ainsi, Madame?*—over how to write a novel. A book about me which failed to emphasize these elements would be untrue. Again, hasn't this ultra-precise fictional notation of psychic minutiae been done before, without the programmatic fanfare, by such writers as Anaïs Nin or, for that matter, Katherine Mansfield? Is it a female obsession?

My cautionary remarks are not intended to dampen anyone's enthusiasm. Mme. Sarraute writes not only with great intelligence and good taste —these are always evident—but with the verve which accrues to the best experimental writers from their awareness of being dedicated to a revolutionary idea. And whether or not one accepts all her strictures about the proper substance of the novel, there is no doubt whatever that her criticism of earlier narrative method, even much that we have come to accept from the experimental fiction of the '20s and '30s, is some of the keenest criticism of its kind that we have today.

Hayden Carruth's poetry has been collected in several volumes, most recently in The Norfolk Poems *(Prairie Press) and* Journey to a Known Place *(New Directions). He has completed a novel for publication by Macmillan and is at work on a book about Camus under a Bollingen grant.*

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

The lean weeks are here; the fat weeks (O'Neill, Strindberg, Zeffirelli-Dumas, Brecht, Hellman) lie ahead.

Shall I speak of Jack Benny? (Ziegfeld Theatre). He is a walking dollar sign; most of his jokes are about money. They are smoothly operated and ring out neatly and impersonally like a cash register. Benny is the businessman's comedian. There is nothing nihilistic about him as there is in Groucho Marx. With him one can indulge oneself in the pleasure of platitude. He makes me laugh occasionally with the automatism of a hiccup. I prefer the two Italian jugglers on his program because I admire training and dexterity.

Gertrude Berg suggests the Ten Commandments genially domesticated by West End Avenue. She is less person now than sign. I see no great difference between her as television saleslady for soap pads and as actress in her latest vehicle *Dear Me, The Sky Is Falling* by Leonard Spigelgass (The Music Box).

The mixture is as before: Mr. Spigelgass is the author of *A Majority of One*, Mrs. Berg's previous showcase. That contrivance was more ingenious than the present one, but the technique remains the same. The dramatic antagonist in *A Majority of One* was a Japanese gentleman who proved to be no obstacle at all for he *was* a gentleman, and Mrs. Berg is the perfect solvent of prejudice. The new antagonist is psychoanalysis. Again Mr. Spigelgass, abetted by his firm star, takes a kindly view of that science (the opposition cries out "Freud should

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only drop dead!"), and Mrs. Berg as the ever-efficient or meddling mother is shown to derive benefit from the good doctor's advice.

Mr. Spigelgass knows his trade: his vehicle runs as smoothly as a General Motors product and Mrs. Berg drives like a champion. She is all relaxation, quiet and mastery. Her morality is modest and, through familiarity, almost modish. We have the impression of having seen her and her play many times before. To laugh at them has become something of a habit.

The production is very capably handled by Herman Shumlin who has chosen and directed his cast well.

I do not know if David Guerdon's play *The Laundry*, adapted by Howard Richardson (Gate Theatre, 162 Second Avenue) is a "good" play; I am certain it interested me throughout. For the playgoer to whom most of Broadway's recent offerings seem stale, I recommend *The Laundry*, which has imagination and bite.

It was produced in Paris two years ago under the direction of Nicolas Bataille who performs the same service here. Written by a young actor, a member of Bataille's company, *The Laundry* is a compound of various ingredients typical of the contemporary French theatre. If Guerdon continues his career as a playwright he may contribute an additional element to the tart Gallic dish which the confraternity of the Seine has been cooking since 1945. For all its anti-bourgeois spleen, *The Laundry* introduces a certain tender sauce that oddly modifies the play's acerbity. Guerdon may develop his potential originality or he may convert himself into one of those deft professionals who know how to transform other people's perceptions into facile, popular fare.

I shall not divulge the details of the play's plot for there is some suspense in it. Suffice it to say that the soiled petit-bourgeois family in *The Laundry* brings forth a monster. Because the monster has a shape which may be negotiated for fame and fortune, the family, ashamed of its secret, is possessed by the itch to turn its guilt into gain. It will sell its monster as a freak. A dream of prosperity widens their beetle eyes to a vista of glorious publicity; they envisage their names on chewing gum wrappers; they may even achieve *cinerama!*

When finally revealed, the monster proves an innocent, gentle and loving. He does not wish to be exhibited either as a sin or as a marvel. Though after the first shock he is viewed with almost religious awe and later as a savior through money and status, the member of the family who is marked by the darkest stain of conscience kills the guileless creature. The family will have to go on earning its dreadful living by washing linen which can never be made clean.

The Laundry's symbolism is not altogether clear, but neither is that of the Greek myth from which it derives. What emerges from the play is a kind of pained jeering, a sense of corruption that yearns for purification, and a hope of salvation that is still foul with accumulated depravity. Present in the play are both gallows humor and a perverse pathos. Uneven in quality, *The Laundry* is nevertheless provocative.

The production is characteristic of the French *avant-garde* theatre, though only Négro Verdié from the original Paris company is wholly foreign. There is some good acting (Elisa Loti) and some bad, but what gives the production its Parisian stamp is the combination of visual invention in the setting (credited to Merrill Sindler), intelligence, vivacity bordering on hysteria, and a certain crudity resulting from an eagerness to achieve telling effects not sufficiently supported by meticulousness of execution.

ART

Hilton Kramer

Richard Hunt, the young Chicago sculptor, is something of a phenomenon on the current art scene. His latest exhibition at the Alan Gallery — his third in New York—consists of twenty-one works in steel and copper, half a dozen of them six feet tall. Anyone seeing this very rich and crowded exhibition will recognize, I think, that Hunt is one of the most gifted and assured artists working in the direct-metal, open-form medium — and I mean not only in his own country and generation, but anywhere in the world. What may not be so immediately apparent is the speed and the aesthetic ease with which he has achieved so remarkable a position.

Born in 1935, Hunt has been exhibiting his work for the better part of a decade. From the start, there was nothing of the student or the arrivist in his work. Hunt took to welded-metal sculpture as if born to the medium, mastering its difficult technology with amazing swiftness and proliferating an imagery entirely his own; and he achieved this without recourse to the gimmickry and extra-sculptural high jinks that in recent years have so often degraded the work of young artists in this sphere. At its best, it is an imagery of sustained linear power

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McKAY

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deploying slender masses of steel tubing in very precise and elegant traceries that are none the less very strong and forthright in their sculptural stance.

Sculpture of this genre is often described as "drawing-in-space." The sculptor-constructor undertakes to build his three-dimensional image in a way that will render its overall unity and intricacy to the eye with a conviction and economy akin to what one feels in the calligraphy of an accomplished draftsman. There are works by Gonzalez and David Smith, the two principal masters of this genre, that are indeed "drawings" of a very high order — but drawings which utilize and inflect the three-dimensional space they occupy as effectively as a draftsman uses a flat sheet of paper. The technical feat by which such drawing-in-space is accomplished — construction by means of welding together discrete metal forms — introduces, of course, a whole range of expressive possibilities new to both sculpture and calligraphy, and some of the most impressive works in the direct-metal canon derive from the audacity with which these possibilities have been perceived and exploited. Smith, for example, has created a new and widely influential style — a sculptural dialectic, as it were — out of his habit of seizing upon the technical and material procedures by which a piece is put together, the ways in which forms are cut and joined and related to one another, and making of *them* an additional resource for realizing the overall calligraphic gesture of the work as a whole. Every work becomes, at least in part, a clear exposition of the way it has been made. Structure and image are reciprocal and indissoluble, the sculptor's fantasy being completely assimilated to the technology of his method.

Work of this genre is a sculptural counterpart to the kind of modern architecture in which, as Reyner Banham recently put it, "structure must not only be done, it must manifestly be seen to be done." Hunt's sculpture derives directly from the precedents of this genre, which by now form a varied and robust tradition, and subjects them to the pressure of a different imaginative ambience. Whereas in Smith's work one feels the force of a sensibility that has transmuted a voracious appetite for all the conflicting schools of modern painting — and especially the countervailing claims of cubism and surrealism — into a sculptural style ample enough to satisfy so wide-ranging a synthesis, Hunt takes off from the very ground Smith has won. If the latter's style became a kind of funnel through which the most radical innovations of modern European painting were made available to direct-metal sculpture, to Hunt (who is Smith's junior by three decades) this feat of imaginative synthesis is as historical as cubism itself. It forms the point of departure for his own imaginative universe, but contributes remarkably little to the basic contours of that universe.

For Hunt, unlike the majority of sculptors who work in this medium, has liberated his imagery entirely from the atmosphere of cubism. He has moved his sculpture entirely beyond the reach of those fixed structures of pictorial planes, either real or imagined, by which the cubist idea has continued to hold abstract sculpture in thrall and make of it a satellite of painting. The result is a sculptural style whose calligraphic traceries are free of pictorial illusionism, free of painterly precedents in structure as well as technique, and thus all the more forthright in its particular combination of linear invention and lyric finesse.

Hunt's use of "line" in sculpture — and by "line," of course, one means those slender masses of steel rod or tubing which are Hunt's customary materials — is probably the subtlest and most elegant in current art. In a huge and ambitious work like the *Linear Spatial Form* (1962), 85½ inches high, the control he has been able to exercise not only over the concept of the whole but in the execution of each separate linear element is truly remarkable. The work virtually floats before one's eye, looking as if it had only moments before been quickly and perfectly sketched in light out of the very air. It sustains its curiously weightless buoyancy by means of virtuosic handling of masses which vary from sudden thicknesses that dissolve into light to the thin incisive lines and fat "strokes" that inflect the overall image at all its crucial points of juncture and extension. The exhibition at Alan's abounds in a copious and restless inventiveness of this kind. Hunt can also produce works that are austere and economic, such as the two *Standing Forms*, and then with a simple, emphatic elegance create in the *Branching Construction* (1962) one of the most nearly perfect works of its kind I know. He calls some of his recent works "Peregrinations," and one does have the sense throughout this exhibition of the sculptor's fantasy pouring forth in many directions at once, seeking not one but a multitude of destinations for each concept that his fecund imagination poses for itself.

So lyrical and spontaneous a vision places great demands on the welder's craft as well as the sculptor's art, and Hunt shows himself entirely equal to the task. His present achievement would be remarkable for an artist twice his age; as it is, still under thirty, he produces art that is an astonishment and a delight.

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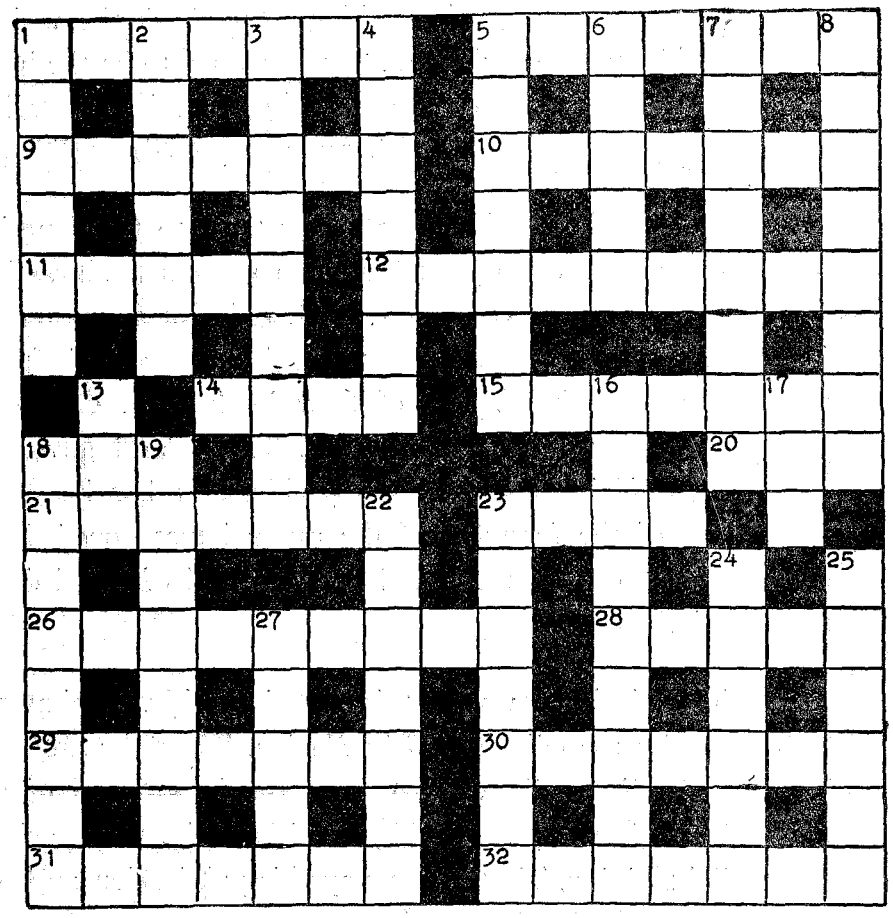
By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 The lengths to which some people will go to have fun! (7)
5 Like Bing Crosby in the title role of an ecclesiastic, only not so brave? (7)
9 If you want to prove something, you have to study the business. (7)
10 It's urgent to have one who makes demands without the first person there. (7)
11 and 6 down Did they appear in the movie "Guliver," being a bright little pair? (5, 5)
12 She is to me as the land we build on. (9)
14 and 13 down Rover might have, but obviously the bow came first.
15 Not the first string team, so settle down! (7)
18 and 20 Dried up and divided once, if the components are reversed.
21 Displaying tact where you live? (7)
23 See 27 down
26 Certainly not private inside things such as Argentina, Brazil and Chile.
29 Notice I put a question as to how the so-called "stout" might be? (7)
30 Pressing for a solution? (7)
31 Are the purposes of bad behavior somewhat like "holes in your head"? (7)
32 Read the signs, though bored by the sound. (7)

DOWN:

1 Drawback, when divided? (6)
2 Grammatical expression for what the government puts on slot machines? (6)
3 Check on your power of support, perhaps. (9)
4 One way or another, your home is messed up with such an animal around. (7)
5 Acts like Longfellow's Arabs. (7)
7 One expects to find butchery here. (8)
(8)
isn't popular! (8)
16 Those who go underground might be indebted to Aaron, perhaps. (9)
17 and 28 across How can one condemn retreat before an animal? (8)
18 Taking lizards and such for a run is as bad as it can be! (8)
19 Implying one has some choice of the selection of the commercial—by acception. (8)
22 Is there no hook connected with such gadgets in the kitchen? (7)
23 Hardy girl who takes time to make part of the mosaic? (7)
24 A lobe certainly does behave charmingly! (6)
25 One might have such an interest, but not with a two-piece suit. (6)
27 and 23 across Reading material damaged at its source? (9)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1,002

ACROSS: 1 and 15 down The Barber of Seville; 6 Paced; 9 Impious; 10 Tendril; 11 Guerdon; 12 Nearing; 13 and 1 down Seething; 15 Onside; 17 and 20 To beat the band; 18 North; 19 Set-ups; 22 Epirus; 25 Era; 27 Vietnam; 28 Thrones; 30 Leather; 31 Maidens; 32 Elder. DOWN: 2 Express; 3 Avoided; 4 Basins; 5 Retune; 6 Pintado; 7 Carmine; 8 Delegates; 14 and 33 Error of closure; 16 Ens; 17 The; 21 Puncher; 23 Portico; 24 Rondeau; 25 Embryo; 26 Atomic; 29 Susie.

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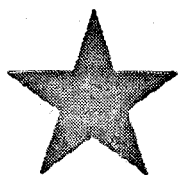

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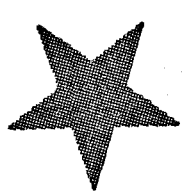

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